"Pome they brought her warrior dead."

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry.
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, Call'd him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee;
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."















